NEW YORK STREET NAMES.

STREETS OF TO-DAY THAT HAVE HAD OTHER TITLES IN THE PAST.

A Bamble Along the Lanes, Byways and Streets of the City-Queer Names Now Forgotten That in Changed Forms Are Applied to Our Streets Now-Some Famous Changes of Street Names.

At a time when public attention has been drawn once again to the street nomenclature of this city, the mind not unnaturally turns back to the vicissitudes already experienced by some of its street names, and to the interest, racy of the soil or fragram with the glorious memories of a later age, with which others are invested and which behooves Americans to fealously guard from heedless obligeration.

No elaborate or exhaustive treatise on this subject is here presented; merely an unconvensional account of the names of the lanes and byways of New York

That this random survey may not be altogether devoid of system, it seems advisable to divide it roughly into two parts, practically confining the one to such streets as have undergone changes In their original designations, and the other to those which still retain theirs; while the good oldfashioned alphabetical order suggests itself as worthy of adoption in both divisions.

PART L Astor place, or its site, was known to the early Dutch settlers as Zantherg Weg, Sandy Hill road. That Sandy Hill described a kind of semicircle from the present intersection of Varick and Charlton streets to the Bowery road; and so thick were the woods upon and to the north of this elevation, even as late as the period of the Revolution, that they enabled some of the American troops to escape out of the city under Col. Burr during the British occupation.

At the beginning of the present century two streets were laid out in close proximity right here: One, Science street, was never approved by the authorities; the other did receive their approbation and the name "Art street," but it looked for a considerable time as though it might as well have been granted neither.

In time the name "Astor," then a synonym for success as the result of plodding industry, as bestowed upon it, but even then the Opera House built here in 1848 had to be converted into a menagerie within four years' time, and the menagerie in its turn had barely managed to exist for two summers when the building was providenially taken in hand by the Mercantile Library Association, and commerce thrived where ar had well-nigh starved.

Baxter street was long honored by the Nether land pioneers with a name they had imported wherever they had planted their ensign of orange, white and blue, to the cry of "Oranje boven!"

"If "Orange street" was dear to the founders of this city, "Baxter street" recalls to the modern New Yorker one of the heroes of Fredericksburg an undaunted officer who led his men across the Rappahannock and succeeded in the daring venture although shot through the lungs at the time one whose gallantry was shown in most of the battles of the Potomac, who was wounded once more at Antietam and a third time in the Wilderness-Major Gen. Henry Baxter.

"Beach" street is a blunder for "Bache" street which we might easily have spared. The thorough fare was cut through the Lispenard farm and was christened for Paul Bache, who married to daughter of Anthony Lispenard. Paul Bache was the son of Theophilact Bache, fifth President of the New York Chamber of Commerce, who came to this country in 1751 from Settle in Yorkshire, England, and died in 1807.

Beekman street is the successor of Chapel Lane, an alleyway leading to old St. George's, which stood at the corner of Cliff street and (like St Paul's and St. John's) was merely a "chapel." while old Trinity was the parish "church" of

This lane was fenced, much against the wishes of the owners, right across the farm of the Beekman family, whose American ancestor, William Beekman, of Overyssel, in Holland, had come to these shores with Stuyvesant in 1657.

"Beekman" means "Brook man;" hence little brook across the family coat of arms.

Bowling Green has been so designated only since the spot was leased for the purpose of a bowling green in 1732 to three Broadway residents, John Chambers, Peter Bayard and Peter Jay. Previously it had been used for public as the Plain, the Marketfield and originally the Parade, when its proximity to the fort had suggested it as a convenient parading ground in general and those of the West India Company

Broad street has had aliases not a few. Along the centre of the modern highway the first setthe drainage of the adjacent marshy land and as an inlet for a certain quantity of back water from the East River. This they forthwith christened Prinsen Graft, Prince (of Orange) Canal, Breede Graft, Broad Canal, and Heere Graft, Main Canal, for all of which the English, on their arrival, substituted "Common Ditch," "Smell street," climax by mistaking or humorously adopting the adjective heere, main, for the noun heer, gentleman, and translating Heere Graft as "The

dwellers to fill up the graft, ditch or common shore, and level the same; and thus paved the way for

Broadway is but the English adaption of the been diversified with Heere Straat, Main Weg, Main wagon road, which in due time were Englished "the great highway," "the great public road," &c., and one of which, Heere Straat,

ecessor. A tract of land in this vicinity was known to the Hollanders os Kalck Hock or Kolck Hock - Kalck Hock, the lime corner, some people posits of shells found on the island lay right here; Kolck Hock, the corner near the abyss, others

the land was traditionally bottomless.

The English simplified these etymological and the street leading thereto went as "Collect street" until the "bottomless" pond was so thor-

Coenract ten Eijck, who died here in 1680 after

Coentract ten Elick, who died here in 1680 after over thirty years' residence in the infant town.

The Dutch were just as fond as we are of curtailing personal names; and they added to the abbowlated forms a friendly diminutivesuffly for tip, not unlike our own y or ic, so that with them Coentract became Coen and Coente or Coentie, even as with us Robert becomes Rob and Robby, Cacherine. Kate and Katie. &c.

Now add to Coentjes mean but Coentract ten Elick, the slip constructed here by Jacobus Cortland, was officially ticketed "Countess" slip in honor of Bellemont's wife; and as there was some slight resemblance between "Coenties" and "Countess", the one was erroneously supposed to be derived from the other. In any case, the aristocratic aftle proved but an ephemeral honor for the old slip.

Duane street may be said to be the post revolu-tionary shominate of the colonial "Colden Street," if we agree to ignore the supplementary sobriquet. "Barley street," which was also bestowed upon it,—and Judge Benson, who died in 1833, said be remembered a large field of barley here which extended southas far as the palisades, say present Warren street and eastward to Broadway. Cadwalader Colden was the son of a clergyman in Dunse, Scotland, who landed at Philadelphia as a full fledged Edinburgh M. D. in 1708, came to this city ten years later, and throwing "physics

as a full fledged Edinburgh M. D. in 1708, came to this city ten years later, and throwing "physics to the dogs," devoted his talents to the ills of the body politic with such benefit to himself that he succeeded Lieut-Gov. De Lancey in 1760. He it was whose effigy was burne along with that of his Satanic Majesty on that memorable stamp day, Nov. 1, 1765, within a few feet of the fort wherein he had entrenched himself "as if he had been at Bergen op Zoom when the French attacked it with 100,000 men," said John Watts. James Duane, on the contrary, was a native born New Yorker who risked his all in the Revoluborn New Yorker who risked his all in the fevoni-tionary struggles, and, on his return to this city with Washington, Goy, Clinton and others, found his house on King street burnt down and his property destroyed. He was New York's first Mayor under the new regime and afterward Dis-trict Judge of this section.

Duane street lost nothing by the change.

Edgar street and Exchange alley once rejoiced in the mickname of Timpot alley, a ludicrous corruption of the Dutch Tight Paat, Garden lane.

This same inoffensive paat, or its diminutive paatje, gave another opportunity for a similar display of humor in the case of a footway which led from Broadway to the fortifications and had been denominated Otter Paatje, Ouer lane.

"Oyster Pasty" became is name under the English rule, and Beaver lane was accordingly spoken of as "the lane that leads to Oyster Pasty."

Nor was this all the wit expended on the immediate neighborhood. Tidewater flowed to the very foot of the hill, and the market folk who rowed up to the landing place there in their cances not very foot of the hill, and the market folk who rowed up to the landing place there in their cances not unnaturally designated it Verlette Berg, the hindrance hill, since it hindered their further progress. This, on the lips of the British soldiery, took the form of "Flatenbarrack Hill," "Flotten Barrack," "Barrick Hill," and "Flotten Bank," all of which and others may be found in our early documents, not to forget "Varlets" or "Verlet's Hill," a further modification possibly suggested by the name of Judith Verlet, the Connection "witch" whose marriage with Nicholas Bayard of this city was the sensation of the year 1666.

Edgar street now commemorates the noted merchant William Edgar, who was so prominently identified with every movement of public interest here during the closing years of the eighteenth century. Mrs. W. Edgar was the lady who presented

the colors to the ship Hamilton on the occasion of the great federal procession in 1788. Franklin street and Franklin square are both

Franklin street and Franklin square are both comparatively modern.
Franklin street was once Provoest street, so called for the Reverend Samuel Provoest, the chaplain of Congress when it first met in the City Hall in 1785. It was he who conducted the service at St. Paul's on Washington's inauguration, he was one of the first Resents of the University, and was Bishop of New York from 1786 to 1801.

And that portion of the street which is next to Bayard street was at one time referred to as "Sugar Loaf street," the Bayards having been the introducers into this country of what they styled "the mystery of sugar refining."

Franklin Square on the other hand, was St. George's Square" until March 17, 1817, when a resolution of the Board of Aldermen changed its title "as a testimenty of the high respect entertained by the board for the literary and philosophical character of the late Dr. Benjamin Franklin."

Gramercy Park would naturally call to mine "gramercy" (many thanks), a favorite exclama-tion with our forefathers, and the word in this tion with our forefathers, and the word in this connection might be considered an expression of gratitude to Mr. S. B. Ruggles, who denated this land for a private park in 1831. Alas for the unreliable plausibility of "obvious" derivations: A hill stood here in the years gone by, the shape of which, somehow, struck the early Dutch settlers as bearing some resemblance to a hooked knife. Straightway they styled it knom-messie; and "Gramercy" is the up-to-date outcome of the various transformations undergone by the said knom-messie, or hooked knife.

Hanover, Square was substituted for Van Brugh or Brugge street on the accession of George I.
Johannes Pietersen van Brugh, who came here
from Haarlem in Holland in the interests of the
West India Company, lived near, the present corner
of Hanover Square and William street, and was

"Her father kept, some fifteen years ago,
A retail dry goods shop in Chatham street,
And nursed his little earnings, sure though slow,
Till, having mustered wherewithal to meet
The gaze of the great world, he breathed the air
Of Pearl street, and setup in Hanover Square."

And it was doubtless due to the same influence from the throne that "Hanover street" replaced "Slote street" or "Sloat lane"—said sloot (to give it its correct spelling) being a ditch used as a landing place for canoes.

Henry street would have puzzled the casua

observer when it appeared under the guise of "Rough street," "Ruff" or "Rut street, unless he noticed that, thanks to the motalists of the day (and Rough street was an ill-favored locality), he noticed that, thanks to the moralists of the day (and Rough street was an ill-favored locality), thanks to spelling reformers (and they were abroad even then), thanks to the clerical blunderers (and we always have them with us), there was a possibility of evolving "Rough" from "Ruff, "Ruff from "Rutt or "Rutt," and the latter from "Rutgers," the patronymic of the respected landowner whose Christian name is now borne by this thoroughfare, who, in 1798, donated a site for the erection of the Third Presbyterian Church at the corner of Henry and Rutgers streets.

The "Rough street" story recalls the somewhat analagous fact that one and the same street figures in some of our old documents as "Mulberry," "Mulbery," "Mustary," and "Mustain."

The order in which these variants are here placed suggest the key to the puzzle: From "Mulberry" to "Mulbery the transition is simple. The lengthening of I by an accidental drop of the pen gives the old fashioned long s, and a badly shaped b and a blotched a change "Mulbery" to "Mustary", and now, should the last two letters of "Mustary" perchance run into one, what could the young clerk or typesetter, full of the blood red literature of the day, make out of it but some kind of a synomym for the name of John Mustan, he of Negro Plot notoriety, who had been hanged not far from the said street"

had been hanged not far from the said street

Mullberry street, by the way, had hardly fared better previously, when it went under the aliases of "Reinders," "Lynderts," "Rhynders or "Rynders," the water of the tract being Barnet Rynders, who gave to Hester street the name of his wife, nee Hester Leisler.

Liberty street was laid out as "Crown" street about 1694, when Miss Manhattan flirted and basked in the sunshine of the British Crown; could its sponsors have made a more opportunistic selec-

Madison street did not always share with Madison county the honor of commemorating our statesman and President, James Madison. Henry Rutgers had criginally named it Bedlow street and Bancker street for his two sons in law, William Bedlow and William Bancker.

William Bedlow, New York's first Postmaster under the Stars and Stripes, was the grandson of Isaac Bedlow, one of the first residents of Hoogh Straat, where he died as early as 1672. Isaac was an extensive merchant, an Alderman, Computofler of Customs, the owner of Bedlow's Island, and, it may be added, he never signed himself "Bedloe."

As to William Bancker, he was the son of Chris

"Pearl street," "Parel," "Parel" or "Parel street" or "Straat" would have been the only designations bestowed on the first street ever occupied by a white man on this island, but for the addition which was made to it, west of the present Park row, under the name of Magazine street, and also for the sheet pile constructed in 1654 to protect Governor Kieft's "City Tavern" from the inroads of the waves, which caused that portion of the street lying between Bridge and Wall streets to be called for a time Sheet Pile street.

In 1728 a small island knoll in the Collect was selected as a suitable spot whereon to build a magazine and powder house.

In the course of time the island was joined to the mainland on Broadway by a dike and cause.

In the course of time the island was joined to the mainland on Broadway by a dike and cause-way, which was styled Magazine street; then the latter was extended eastward to the Boston row (new Park row); later on "Powder House Knoll" was levelled down to help fill up the Collect and eventually Magazine street was merged in Pearl

Street

Needless to say that Pearl street perpetuates
the remembrance of the wampum which was for a
time the currency of our forefathers.

Nassau street first bore the name of Isaac Kip, whose father Hendrick Hendricksen Kip, a worthy snuder (anglice tailor) on Brugh straat, who obtained as early as 1642 the first grant of a city lot ever made east of the fort. Another of Hendrick's sons, Jacob, bestowed the family patronymic on Kip's Bay.

Kip's Bay.

Kip's Bay.

Kip's lane, toward the end of the century, be came Pye Woman's lane; circumstantial evidence of which is found in the petition presented by Tunis de Kay in 1606 "that a carte way may be made, leading out of the Broad street to the street that runs by the pye woman's landing to the commons of the city, and that he will undertake to doo the same provided that he may have the soyle."

The "carte way" was made; it was opened in that same year by Mayor De Peyster and christened after the Prince of Orange and Nassau; and un-gallant chroniclers said not another word about the poor "pye woman."

Pine street, like Cedar street, is a reminder of the far famed trees that once adorned the farm of Jan Jansen Damen, whose stepdaughter, Rachel married Cornelius van Tienhoven, a "book-Rachel married Cornelius van Tienhoven, a "book-keeper of wagers" in the service of the East India Company. Tienhoven fell in thereby with some 2,000 acres, and when this street was laid out through his estate in 1693, it naturally took the name of its owner. Naturally, likewise, Tienhoven street was changed to King street "when the Dutch were sent packing to hot Surinam." "It was hard," the poet remarks

It was hard to be thus of their labors deprived. But the age of republics had not yet arrived.

Fate saw—though no wizzard could tell them as

That the Crown, in due time, was to fare like the Dutch." and when the Crown did so, King street assumed its present humbler but pleasing designation.

Spring street first bloomed forth as "Oliver street," for Oliver Delancey, of the wealthy Huguenot family of that name. Oliver, however, joined the Royalists, at the time of the Revolution and became a general in the British army; and so, when in 1800, the Manhattan Company in search of drinkable water, discovered a spring right here, the street dropped a title so little in accord with our patriotic sentiments and became "Spring street."

State street could not, of course, date farther back than the birth of the Union. In earlier times the locality was need as a safe landing place

"Where the indian came to barter All his wealth of skins and wampum, All his westin of sams and wampum, Furs of bison and of beaver. Furs of sable and of ermine. Wampum belts and strings and pouches, Quivers wrought with beads and wampum, Filled with arrows sliver headed."

nd it was known as "Cop," "Copsie" or "Kapsie variants usually set down as corruptions of some now unknown Indian word. To the thoughtful observer, with the scenes of the present Transvaal war fresh in his mind, they seem nothing more than very slightly modified adaptations of the Dutch Kop or Kopje, a height or

Stone street in its infancy was Brouwer straat, the home of Brewers Isaac de Forest, Wolvertsen van Couwenhoven and Olooff Stevensen van

In January, 1658, our annals tell us, an ordin-Brouwer straat have represented that said stree

according to, overseers shall be appointed to contract for the stones, &c.

It was so done accordingly, and the first street paved in this city was soon proudly pointed to as "Stony" or "Stone Street."

When the Duke of Verk took took.

William street still clings to the memory of William Beekman (mentioned above); yet an earlier name given to that portion of it which lies between Wall and Pearl streets was "Smee," "Smeedes" or "Smit straat," for Jan Smeed, a glassmaker, who was the first resident on it; a fact which explains another subsequent designs. fact which explains another subsequent designa-

e here the formation of the Red Cross Society and the From mark of the Geneva convention of 1864 are re-

MERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS.

Bill Introduced in Congress for the Incorporation of the Society.

A bill was introduced in the House of Representatives on Feb. 5, to incorporate the American National Red Cross, in the District of Columbia. The bill is designated H. R. 8061. In a preamble the formation of the Red Cross Society and the mark of the Geneva convention of 1864 are recited, as is the subsequent ratification of that convention by forty three or more nations, including the United States. The bill gives the American National Red Cross the usual power of a corporate body and the right to use as an emblem a Greek red cross on a white ground, as described in the Geneva treaty.

The persons named in the bill who with their associates and successors are incorporated as a body politic in perpetuity are: Clara Barton, George Kennan, Julius B. Hubbell, Brainard H. Warner, Ellen Spencer Mussey and Alvoy A. Adec of the Dictrict of Columbia, Joseph Shddon of Connecticut, Stephen A. Barton, George C. Boldt, William T. Wardwell and Winnam B. Hubbell, Brainard H. Warner, Ellen Spencer Mussey and Alvoy A. Adec of the Dictrict of Columbia, Joseph Shddon of Connecticut, Stephen A. Barton, George C. Boldt, William T. Wardwell and Winnam B. Howland of New York city, Joseph Gardner, Enola Lee Gardner of Bedford, Ind. John W. Noble of St. Louis, Mo.; Richard Olney of Boston, Sc. C. and J. B. Vinet of New Orleans Le.

Among the purposes of the organization are enumerated. To farnish volunteer aid to the sick and wounded of armies in time of war, and for

increase by altering Kaite and Kack in College, and the street leading thereto went as Tollege and the theoremies, principles of the mixed commissioner, from the property of the principles of the mixed commissioner, from the property of the principles of the mixed commissioner, from the principles of the mixed commissioner, from the principles of the mixed commissioner, from the principles of the mixed commissioner and the principles of the mixed commissioner, from the principles of the mixed commissioner in the principles of the mixed commissioner in the principles of the mixed commissioner in the commissioner of the principles of the p

need. I'm going to have the pint anyhow. The price is the sordid, squalid end of it, anyway. When a man's in a desert and comes to a spring when he's about to cash in for the want of a drink does he dig into his clothes to see if he's got the price? Nay, forsooth. I'm in a desert. I won't dig, because I know where I stand without digging.

Nevertheless, I'll have the pint ' "The night before I had blown in my last \$18 on the Midway. The \$18 was the skeleton of the 8800 with which I had struck Chicago two weeks before. It doesn't make any difference where the other \$782 went. Here I was on Michigan avenue, at broad daylight, under the hot early morning sun, after having been rudely awakened from a peaceful slumber in the men's waiting room of the Illinois Central Railroad, minus the price of the pint which I so imperatively required, minus the price even of one of the Chicago washtubs filled with the malt product. I wore a light gray frock suit, with a top hat to match. The remainder of my wardrobe was in a State street hotel, and subject to redemption only upon the payment of heavy salvage.

"I might.' I reflected, 'go down the bay and do the reliever act with this raiment, that is to say, exchange it for less presumptuous and insisten apparel, and achieve the necessary 82 for the pint into the bargain. But that would necessitate a walk of some distance, and I decline to walk want the pint right now.

"Wherefore, I walked into the bar of one of the water front caravansaries. The spick and span bartender was just opening up. I approached the bar, patting my vest affectionately and luxuriously.

"'Maurice' -- I began

"How'd'je guess it?" the barkeep asked me. "Maurice,' said I, ponderously, 'have you got pint of the Widdy, dry, in cold storage, not on ice, but carefully tucked away in the frappé com-

"It is, yes,' said the barkeep. 'You must've spent the night over the dope sheets. That's two winners you've picked already.' "The pint is mine,' said I. 'Decant it.'

"Say, who was the thirsty guy who wrote about blushful hippocrene? He must have been jostled wake in the men's waiting room of the Illinois Central Railroad in Chicago, at 7 o'clock on a hot, sunshiny morning, after two weeks of the mazarine daze, minus the price; otherwise he couldn't have been so wise to the meaning of a thirst That pint marked an epoch in my career. Never, before or since -oh, well. I wake up in the middle of the night, yet, and catch the bouquet of that

"You have the mate to this one, too, haven't you. Maurice?' I asked the barkeep. "The whole family,' said he, and he opened me another pint. It was great, that pint, too, but the first was the ever-memorable baby.

"Well, said I to myself, after I'd got away with the last of the No. 2 pint, 'here's where get the bung starter or the arm clutch. But it was worth the money. "Just charge it up to Hogan,' said I, jauntily,

o the barkeeper. 'Put the check on ice.' "Sure,' said the barkeep', and then I needed digitalis. I'd been fixing to dodge beneath the bar, and he said 'Sure.' I looked him in the eye for a minute. I couldn't exactly under stand it.

"'What for th' rubberin'?' he asked me. "Your complaisancy overwhelms me,' said 'How do you know you'll ever shake hands with that 84?

to Maiden lane between Broadway and Liberty place, it was borrowed from the Oswego Market crocked in 1738 in the centre of Broadway, "fronting the street in which the Chief Justice lives and opposite to Crown street."

LAST DAY OF EX-TANK NO. 14 AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

LAST DAY OF EX-TANK NO. 14 AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

It Opened With a Perilous Chat With a Bartender, Followed by One With a Bartender, Followed by One With a Sleuth — Meetings With Crooks Later, with an Escape From Chicago at Last. "Anyhow, I needed one so bad that morning," "Borger Joris' and other curving a day of this profession; and this spot was called after him

"Pearl street," "Paerl," "Paerl or "Paerl street" or "straat" would have been the only designations between the only designations which was made to it, west of the present Park row, under the name of Magazine street, and also for the sheet pile constructed in 1654 to protect of Covernor Kieft's City Tavern," from the introdes to have the pint anyhow. The cover the price of the pint of the process voice, or street in ground, law of the process voice, or street in ground, and I knew that I'd have to take my screeness out in growling to myself for being my soreness out in growling to myself for being my soreness out in growling to myself for being my soreness out in growling to myself for being my soreness out in growling to myself for being a second story man. But if I hado't made some such a bluff to the sergeant and the descrive they might have thought I was a crook, sure enough.

"It was night when I was urned loose, and I was turned loose, and I was turned loose, and I make a crook, sure enough.

"It was night when I was urned loose, and I was a crook, sure enough.

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"It was night when I was urned loose, and I was a crook, sure enough.

"It was night when I was urned to take my

immediate needs. All I had to do was to walk up and down in front of the place, say 'See the beauteous Fatima inside,' in a deep bass voice, every three seconds, and point inside with a bam boo cane. Nice graft, eh? But I needed the price of a scalped ticket to New York, and I'd have carried the hod to get it.

"I hadn't had my hat off since leaving the Har rison Street station, but it was pretty warm work barking for Fatima, and after I'd been on duty for an hour or so I reached up and pulled off my lid so's I could mop my forehead. As I pulled off the hat, Mr. George Burnham's cuff, that I had forgotten all about, fell to the sidewalk. I picked it up, and saw that it had a pencilled scrawl on it, that read:

"Tell Tuck Rigley, No.—, Custom House Place, that the stuff is salted as usual. G. B."

"Well, said I to myself, I may get down to barking for Fatima, but I guess I can get along without knowing Tuck Rigley, whatever the dickenskind of a crook he may be; and if I gave him this I'd be an accessory after the fact in the second-story game myself."

"Then I tammed the cuff into my pocket and went on telling 'em what a bird Fatima, inside, was. Ten minutes later a pretty well togged chap came along, swinging a cane, and I noticed that when he got his eyes on me he started visibly, and then walked around me and took me in from

that when he got his eyes on me he started visibly, and then walked around me and took me in from

and then walked around me and took me in from various points of view.

"You must like me, Bill," said I, and he grinned when he heard my voice, which he'd only heard before in basso praise of the beauties of Fatima.

"Your th' spit o' one o' me pals, that's all,' said the chap with a cockney burr in his speech.

"Who" George Burnham?" I asked him.

"He gave me the eye then for fair.

"George, 'said I, 'if he's the one you mean, is cooling off at the Harrison street station.'

"So I heard,' said the chap, still eyeing me shrewdly. There's no doubt in life that he thought me a crook.

"D'ye happen to know a friend of his named Rigley. Tuck Rigley?" I asked him, just out of curiosity.

"That's me, said the fellow. 'Say, what's "That's me, said the fellow. 'Say, what's your lay?' he inquired, coming closer to me.
"A sudden impulse guided my hand into my pocket, and I pulled out the cuff with the writing on it and handed it to Rigley, telling him in a few words how I happened to get it. The thing was addressed to the man, I figured, and it wasn't particularly up to me to withhold it from him.

"Blow me if you ain't all right,' said Mr. Rigley, 'and you'll get your bit for this.'
"Say, look a here,' I started to say to him. I want you to understand that I'm not' but Mr. Rigley had by that time stuffed the cuff into his pocket and was tramping down the street as fast as his legs would carry him, swinging his cane jauntily.

"Then I resumed my barking for Fatima, feeling somehow or another, as if my picture ought

Then I resumed my barking for Fatima, feeling somehow or another, as if my picture ought to be in the Rogues Gallery if it wasn't.

"I was still hoarsely praising Fatima at 5 o'clock on that sizzling hot afternoon when a messenger boy on a bike rode up to the curb and dismounted. Then he took an envelope out of his cap and handed it to me.

"What's this" I asked him.
"Gentleman down at the corner of Deathorn.

"Gentleman down at the corner of Dearborn and Madison street told me to give it to you," said the messenger.

"But it's got no name on it,' said I.
"No,' said the boy, 'but he told me what you looked like.' looked like."
I opened the envelope. A nice, new \$500 bill fell out first, and then a scrawl on a telegraph blank.

"Here's your bit,' the scrawl read. 'I found the plant, fenced it, and have left enough behind for George's lawyer. They're after me, and I'm drilling away from this. T. R.'

"Well, there was no way of sending it back, was there! He was gone. So was I, three hours later. But every time I read of a second-story man I shudder guiltily, and can feel a hefty paw on my shoulder."

MAKES WONDERFUL KNIVES.

A Secret of Tempering Steel by Which He

From the Chicago Chronicle. FORT ATKINSON, Wis., Jan. 28. - Dan Stocking has the secret of tempering steel that was be lieved to have been lost with the death of the makers of the famous Toledo blades. And this secret will die with him, for he cannot tell how The contract of the cold in the charge of the charge of the cold in the charge of th he does it. It is all in his head and finds expression in his work, but if he wished to he could not tell his process. Dan makes carving knives,

you, sell you things and treat you politely, but beyond that the attitude of her life, as it is presented to you, is as inscrutable as a bolted door. You can get well enough acquainted with her husband to detest him cordially, but the nature of the woman is as hard to fathom as a sheet of Chinese correspondence.

It is never a common sight to see a mother, who believes she is alone, playing with her baby. A young native woman was making love to her first man child. The two were in the shack next to mine, but the windows were together. She had the little fellow in a corner and was kneeling before him in a perfect ecstasy of motherhood. The baby could not have been more than several months old, and the mother was perhaps 16. She would bend her body far back, with hands outstretched, and then gradually sway closer, closer, while the baby, very notsy and happy in his diminutive way, shrank back into the corner and showed his bare red gums. And then the mother swayed at lest very near, she would snatch her naked bundle of brown babyhood and toss him into the air. And there would be great crowings and strangled laughter from the infant, and low murmurings of passionate worship from the woman.

Then she placed her face close to the head of

low murmurings of passionate worship from the woman.

Then she placed her face close to the head of her son and whispered wonderful socrets into his wee brown ears thrilling secrets in a voice strangely soft and tender, such as you would not think could come from this smileless creature of the river banks.

I watched, and the greatness of the mother heart was laid bare before me, and now better impressions came where false ones had been and I remembered sie was a woman. Repland ardently interested, I watched, leaning wit lessly out of the window. The woman saw me. The sullen implacable stare came back. She snatched up the child and disappeared.

She bathes in the river unconscious of the passing white man, but he must not see the woman's love for her first born.

THREE ROBBERS IN A CAR.

The Shoe Drummer Tells of an Attempt to Save Money by Travelling Free.

The subject was railroad fares and travelling expenses in general. Well, for my part," said the shoe drummer costly as it is and if the money came out of my own pocket, I should always prefer to pay my fare or walk, rather than try to beat my way. I had a little experience once in riding cheap, and it was enough to last me the rest of my life. It happened about two years ago. I was stuck for Sunday in a small junction town not far from Buffalo, and there I fell in with Tom Collins, who now in wholesale groceries.

'Dan,' said he, 'there's a big wreck down the ne. Shall we go and see it?" "I was for it, of course. So Tom went down

the railroad yard and fixed it with the conductor of a wrecking train that was about to leave. Half an hour later we were in the caboose jolting down the line on a fifty-mile speed order. The wreck was a bad one. Tom and I found all we could do helping to get out the injured and looking up their property with the detectives, and by the time we'd got things into some kind of shape it was 6 o'clock. Then we learned that the wrecker wasn't to return until midnight. There was

we were bowling toward home about as easily and inexpensively as we came. It was a warm night, so Tom and I sat down in the doorway with our feet hanging outside. The car was pitch dark inside, and it didn't ride just like a sleeper, either, but we weren't making any complaints. We sat there smoking and chatting for some distance, and then the moon came up and threw a patch of light onto the car floor be hind us. Tom had just started in to quote some eulogy on the Queen of Night, when suddenly out of the dark recesses of the car behind us there came a voice:

Shut that door! "We pulled our legs inside the car and started to our feet. Scared I certainly was, and I doubt if Tom was any less so; but he was the first to

the darkness. There was no answer for a minute. Then we could hear a noise as of some one mov

"We stood in the patch of light from the door

ing about in the rear end of the car.

your persons and lay them in the light on the floor, one at a time. Don't either of you attempt o pull a gun, however, for if you do my pals at the other end of the car may forget themselves

and shoot. Am I right, Bill, Jim?' "Dead right" came a second voice, this one from he forward end of the car; then still another from nearly the same direction affirmed. 'That's what! "There was no help for it. Tom and I were fumbling in our pockets for our wealth, when suddenly an idea came to both of us at once.

"Needn't put it all out" whispered Tom, 'and we ought to save at least our one of watches.

"I took a good share of my money and valuables and piled them in a little heap on the floor. Then Tem followed my example, under express orders from the voice and trying hard to make a few one-dollar bills look like a big roll. But all the time I kept thinking that there was something odd about the situation, though I couldn't tell what it was. On such occasions a man doesn't think with that brilliancy that the uninitiated might expect. But the difficulty presented itself after a while.

"Tome, said Lunder my brasts, this cases look." we ought to save at least our one of watches.

Tom, said I under my breath, this game looks queer. Why doesn't one of them search us?'
"Sh h-h!" said Tom; and I knew he was thinking of the same thing.

moto Keijiro, and famed in Japan as the "lightning burglar," is now awaiting the decree of the Court of Cassation to which his case was carried upon his condemnation by the lower courts. He was convicted some time ago and sentenced to death, the indictment comprising thirty-one different counts, all of which had been proved against him. Some had involved wideners, after the Court of Appeal had confirmed the judgment against him, and while his case was still before the Court of Cassation Sakamoto appears to have decided that death was hevitable and he confessed. In addition to the thirty-one crimes charged up to him, he confessed to forty others, including two murders, eighteen robberies accomplished by means of cutting and wounding, and twenty others achieved by intimidation with deadily weapons. The "lightning burgiar," who gained his name from the rapidity with which he conducted his operations in Saitama and Chiba prefectures, thus goes to his doom with a total of seventy-one crimes. courts. He was convicted some time ago and

From the Chicago Trebune.

"How many girls did you make love to before you met me?" demanded Mrs. Vick-Senn, at the close of her long tirade.
"Twelve!" groaned her husband. "But I never counted them up until it was too late!"

FINDING OF A LOST TRIBE.

IN ARCTIC CANADA.

A HERMIT RACE JUST DISCOVERED Its People Inhabit a Lonely Island in Hud-

son Bay and Had Never Seen a White Man Until a Few Months Ago-Crudity of Their Life Almost Without a Parallel. QUEBEC, Feb. 14.—The Federal authorities at Ottawa have been notified of the discovery, on lonely island in Hudson Bay, of a lost tribe of Esquimaux, a community which has been for centuries without intercourse with other representatives of the human species and whose members never saw a white man until a few months ago. They are still in the stone age, knowing no metals; they grow no plants, and their houses are built

of the skulls of whales. The home of this strange tribe is on Southamp ton Island, a piece of watergirt land nearly as big as the State of Maine, and situated at the north end of Hudson Bay. Apparently the people have dwelt there ever since pre-Columbian times, and to-day they subsist in exactly the same way as they must have done then. Having been isolated for so long a period, it is natural that they should possess many peculiarities. A collection of their

wasn't to return until midnight. There was a passenger train due at 9, but that was two hours late. I was just preparing to settle down in the station and go to sleep when along came a freight. Let's take it.' said Tom. 'It's a cinch. All you have to do ist oget into a box car and ride.

"This sounded reasonable, so once more I stayed. The train was moving slowly because of the wreck, and we stood by the track and watched for an empty car. Pretty soon one came along with the door open about a foot. We dog-trotted along beside it and managed to increase the opening wide enough to climb in, and very shortly a ways, bordier, level of the whalebone in a variety of surprising ways, moss soaked in fat. The whale is the chief means of suisistence of these strange people. They use the whalebone in a variety of surprising ways, making even their cups and buckets of it. Ly beging it into round shapes and sewing on the bottoms. Many of their implements are of whalebone, and from the same article they make tologing it into round article they make tologing in the sleds. They also manufacture sledges with walrus tusks for runners and deer antiers for crosspieces.

It would be hard to find more daring hunters that they are; the sea, the walrus and the wary

for crosspices.

It would be hard to find more during hunters than they are: the sea', the wa'rus and the wary caribon contributing to their game bars. The tribe comprises only divesight individuals, about equally divided between the sexes. Its members speak a dialect peculiar to themselves, and quite unlike that employed by any other Esquimaux. Straits thirty miles broad separate Southampton Island from the western shore of Hudson Bay, where there is a colony of Esquimaux, and once in a very long while the straits freeze over. It it said that this hat pened seventy five years as a nand then a few hunters came over from the island to the mainland, where they were much surprised to encounter other human beings like themselves, having doubtless imagined that they were the only people in existence. This is now a tradition with the natives of the mainland, who say that the strangers brought two sledges with them, but went away again and never returned; neither before nor since, so far as can be assertained, has any news come from the lost tribe until recently.

"Ye stood in the patch of light from the door straining our eyes into the darkness, when the voice came again: 'Hands' up, gents; you're covered.'

"Tom and I had both seen enough of the West to know what that meant. So we elevated our digits without a word. There was plenty of light in the doorway for the unseen director of the proceedings to see that his order was obeyed.

"Now, gents,' continued the voice, 'I must ask you to remove the watches and money from your persons and lay them in the light on the

CARE OF THE NEEDY BLIND. Interesting Work of the Department of the

At the office of the Department of Outdoor Poor on the big pier of the Department of Public Charities at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street were two blind men waiting to get the ear of one of the clerks of the department.

"What are those men here for?" was asked. "They are waiting to put in applications for elief," said the clerk. "They come every year and I don't know any charity more commendable than that which helps these afflicted persons." The city charter provides that the Board of Estimate and Apportionment shall annually raise and appropriate "such sum, not exceeding \$75,000, as is included in the departmental estimates submitted to it by the Department of Public Charities, to be applied to the relief of poor adult blind persons."

On Jan. 1 the department announces that it s ready to receive applications for relief and the blind are turned over by Supt. George Blair to his chief clerk, William Walsh, Mr. Walsh has been so long in charge that he knows almost all of the applicants by name.

"Usually we spend only about \$45,000 of the \$75,000 allowed for this work," said Mr. Wals: "Of this sum the borough of Manhattan gets \$39,000. Brooklyn \$10,000 and Queens \$5,000. Last year 600 applicants were relieved from this fund in this borough, each applicant receiving \$50. Before the charter of the greater city came into effect each applicant got a little more than that sum. The law, or practically the same law, has been in effect since 1875. In former years, however, the appropriation was included in the annual budget of the Board of Aldermen."

The clerks are 'amiliar with many interesting cases among the applicants. Among those who apply every year is a woman who lives on the upper west side of the city. She is deaf, dumb and blind, but with the assistance of a companion who is always with her she is able to carry on an animated conversation in the sign language. She has, as do almost all blind persons, a very delicate and sensitive touch and readily feels with her hands the fingered words which her companion spells out.

A blind man, who lives on West Thirty-fifth "Of this sum the borough of Manhattan gets

with her hands the fingered words which her companion spells out.

A blind man, who lives on West Thirty-fifth street, was one of the applicants this year. He has as companions in his house his father-in-law and his wife, both of whom are blind. The wife does all of the housework, including the cooking, and according to her husband, does it very easily. The husband is said to be an excellent checker player and on several occasions has been employed at museums and places of amusement to show his skill in moving the pieces against all comers. snow his said to be something to the state of the state o

THE FAMINE IN INDIA. More Distress Than in 1876 or 1895-The The following account of the famine in India

Edward Fairbank, a missionary of the American "Here at Vadala and within three miles of us there are 8,000 persons on the relief works. It was only two weeks ago that there were less than 5,000. People are flocking to these camps by the hundreds. The overseer of the works told me Monday that he took on 900 that day, on to the relief works here at Vadala. These facts alone will show that the stress is rapidly growing

is given in a letter sent to this city by the Rev.

"The condition of the people on the relief works is far beyond description. Three years ago at Sholapur at the end of the famine I saw less wretchedness and emaciation than I see here to day, at the beginning of the famine. People have not recovered from the last famine. They have nothing in their houses to pawn but a few brass vessels that they have been able to buy since that famine. These brass dishes are now being pawned by those who come on to the relief works. It is their last resort to keep their bodies and souls together before they get relief from the Government paymasters. The merchants here and in the near villages have cardioads on cartioads of brass dishes. There is great suffering from the cold in the nights of these winter days. The people are not only clothless, but almost ragless. The wretchedness is terrible. But still worse is the emaciation. Living skeletons in abundance are in evidence on every side. The village kuikarami tells me that many children are dying in the cazarto for food. Last night a man died in the camp who they say had not had anything to eat for three days.

"This famine is undoubtedly far more severe in these parts than that of 1876 or that of 1896. One of the worst features is the lack of water. Rivers, usually floating full at this time, are dry beds of sand. Wells that have never failed before in the memory of any one living have not a drop of water in them. The well that waters our garden and has never failed since my father came here almost forty five years ago is dry. The village well that was supposed to have a large living spring has nothing in it now. Our little town is, however, well off in the matter of water as compared with most of the towns and villages in these parts.

"Government looks with the greatest apprehension on the famine. They already feel themselves unable to cope with it, so great are its dimensions and proportions at the very opening, and without any doubt for nine months more the famine must rage.

"Undoubtedly private philanthropy must supply great help in this famine, far greater than fa the last famine, if millions in these and other p Sholapur at the end of the famine I saw less wretchedness and emaciation than I see here